

Eng. Poetry vol 15.
6th *Canary-Birds* Naturaliz'd

I N

UTOPIA. *K*

Act^g & Naalizaon Bill^g

debat^g of it.

A CANTO.

Dulce est paternum solum.

L O N D O N

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TO THE
Free-born Reader.

Whoever hath already read, or will yet give himself the Trouble of reading Sir *Thomas More's Utopia*, may at once easily understand both the Motive to the Writing of this *Canto*, and the Meaning or Drift of what is written, in Imitation of so Great a Man, at this Juncture of Affairs.

The main Burden of his Book indeed seems to be for taking away all *Property*, and levelling or laying Things in *common*, upon an imaginary Regulation of *Government*: But our *Birds* here sing of another Establishment in *Utopia*, as strange and wonderful; which has something more of Reality in it, than mere Fancy, Fiction, or Romance.

He has not told us in what Part of the World his *Utopia* was situated; but we need not go to the *Antipodes*, to find where-

To the free-born Reader.

abouts, and in what Latitude *ours* lies, tho' not to be found in the Map; not far from the *Streights* Mouth, we may imagine, or between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

'Tis natural both for Man and Beast to love his own native Country best. Ought not I to prefer my old Acquaintance, my old Friends, or even my old Shoes, (that King *James* the Ist said were easiest for his Feet) before Strangers, Sharpers, and Intruders; Hoghen-Moghens, *Hugonots*, and Wooden Shoe-makers? In a Word, can any one of Sense and Reason, be so barbarous to his own Bowels, as to undervalue, undermine, and undo his natural-fellow-free-born Subjects, for any interloping *Canary-Birds*, or naturaliz'd Foreigners? If so, the wise *Utopians* then must degenerate.

However, this is a Kind of Doggrel Poem; and yet I do not rival the inimitable *Hudibras*: But I hope it may pass for Burlesque, Travesty, or jingling Rhime at least, among our native People. And so fare it well. Good Night Country-men.

T H E

T H E
C O N T E N T S
O F T H I S
Romantick Canto.

- I. **T**HE Birds assembl'd in Utopia, upon a grand
Affair.
- II. Whether Canary-Birds ought to be naturaliz'd
there?
- III. The Robin, the Sparrow, the Linnet, the
Lark, and the Nightingale, make Speeches a-
gainst it; but a great Cat had like to have spoil'd
all.
- IV. The Turtle-Dove went a little too far in the
Matter; but a noble anonymous Bird brought him
off from having his Feathers pluck'd.
- V. Several Country-Birds, and all the City-Birds, op-
pos'd the Naturalization of those Canaries.
- VI. Debates arose; upon which, the Bullfinch made
a long Harrangue in Commendation of Canary-
Birds; but some Crows were offended at it. How-
ever, the Magpies (most of 'em) were for passing
the Bill, though the Jackdaws dislik'd the Pro-
ceeding.

VII.

The Contents.

VII. *The Bustards laid the Law to 'em, how necessary it was to naturalize those Canaries; but the Partridges sprung presently, and would not bear on't.*

VIII. *All the wild Fowl were for 'em; but the Inland Birds protested against it. However, being mightily over-power'd by Numbers, they gave up the Cause.*

IX. *The Redstarts, Water-wagtails, and Solan Geese, all favour'd the Canary-Birds; and so they gain'd their Point at last, by being made as free as the Air in Utopia.*

X. *The Eagle then put an End to all Disputes for Peace Sake, and satisfy'd her loving Subjects, that she was advis'd to't for the best, as a Thing that would be the making of their native Country.*

XI. *The Consequence.*

CANARY

CANARY-BIRDS

Naturaliz'd.

IN our unhappy Days of *Tore*,
 When foregn *Birds*, from *German Shore*,
 Came flocking to *Utopia's Coast*,
 And o'er the Country rul'd the Roast;
 Of our good People, did two Thirds
 So much admire *Canary-Birds*,
 For outward Show, or finer Feathers,
 Far more regarded than all others.
 We bought 'em dear, and fed 'em well,
 'Till they began for to rebel.
 Unsatisfy'd, they did resort,
 For greater Liberty, to Court,
 And equal Privilege would claim,
 Or with the Natives much the same;
 As if no Birth-right had been given
 To our own *Birds* from unkind Heaven.

R Y. A loud *Canary* then did sing,
 And make a Noise like any King,
 Or some usurping vainer Thing;
 And still the Burden of its Song,
 Was, to be *Nat'ral'd*, right or wrong.
 The rest, at this, set up their Throats
 As shrill with *Nat'ralizing* Notes.
 So num'rous were their fond Allies,
 They pierc'd the high and mighty Skies,

}
 'Till

'Till with the Force of ecchoing Bill,
 They did our feather'd Nation fill.
 Here they grew fat, and liv'd at Ease,
 And bigger look'd than *Refugees*;
 Kindly protected from the Stroke
 Of swift persuing *Gallick Hawk*.
 Them we so well did entertain,
 They would not choose go Home again,
 But now at last so sawcy grew,
 That to aspiring Heights they flew :
 They must be topping Masters made,
 And, as our free-born Subjects, trade.

On this Account, *assembl'd* were
 The native *Birds* of all the Air;
 And having laid their Heads together,
 Advising and debating, whether
 Those bold *Canary-Birds* should stay,
 And nat'ralized be this Day
 Through all disturb'd *Utopia*.
 Some common *Birds*, of lower Rank,
 And far less pow'rful than the *Bank*,
 Both Men and Money still ingrossing,
 Or all our pop'lar Welfare crossing,
 'Twixt Hawk and Buzzard wond'ring stood,
 How this could be a publick Good!

Then honest *Robin* Silence brake,
 And to the Matter boldly spake;
 ' Is not our Property so dear,
 ' That we these Foreigners may fear ?
 ' Or shall such Interlopers come,
 ' And turn me out of House and Home ?
 ' Besides, they're not of our Religion,
 ' No more than any *Holland Widgeon*.

They

' They never go to Church, as I,
 ' Anthems to hear or sing ; for why ?
 ' They hate our decent Liturgy.
 ' We shall be reckon'd very fickle,
 ' Thus to encrease the Conventicle ;
 ' Where there are no harmonious Lays,
 ' Transported with our Maker's Praise.
 So loyal *Red-breast* did conclude
 Their deep Design was nothing good ;
 Not Peace, Division understood.

The chirping *Sparrow* next began ;
 ' These proud Intruders sure ne'er can
 ' Expect so great a Liberty,
 ' To live as nat'ral Subjects, free !
 ' This Condescension is too much
 ' To gratify or *French* or *Dutch* ;
 ' For such *Canary-Birds*, my Fear's,
 ' Will set's together by the Ears,
 ' Or in our Nation breed ill Blood
 ' Against the People's gen'ral Good.
 ' Perhaps in Time they'll take, forsooth,
 ' The Bread out of our Natives Mouth.
 ' So long as I am *Major Dome*,
 ' Char'ty shall still begin at Home.
 ' To nat'ralize 'em, is a Jest ;
 ' Let's not defile our own dear Nest,
 ' And so become worse *Birds* than they,
 ' That would us to their Lure betray.

The charming *Linnet* then besought
 His Brother *Birds* to weigh this Thought,
 He wisely said, and sweetly sung,
 And with a pop'lar Air it rung :
 ' Whether they could believe it Reason,
 ' To nat'ralize them at this Season,

' When our own Traders hardly live,
 ' And scarce industrious Workers thrive ?
 ' For tho' they sing a merry Note,
 ' They are perhaps not worth a Groat.
 ' And why should we *infranchise* those
 ' That Strangers come, and whence God knows ?
 ' Or give such Rights to foreign Breasts,
 ' 'Till we have feather'd our own Nests ?
 ' They'll underlive and sell us too,
 ' And thus the native Poor undo,
 ' Or bring us to their Wooden Shoe.
 ' So that in naked Truth, I fear,
 ' They'll do our Trade no Kindness here;
 ' Or else perhaps they'll make our State,
 ' That's noble now, degenerate,
 ' And mixing their ungen'rous Blood,
 ' Like *Cucko's*, bring a spurious Brood ;
 ' As lusty *Danes* did heretofore,
 ' And most of Women red Heads bore.
 ' So thus 'tis sure Years hundred hence,
 ' We shall be all converted *French*.

The soaring *Lark* now pouring down,
 Came in the Nick of Time to Town ;
 As if from lofty Heaven sent,
 The Country's Grievance to present,
 Among *Birds* met to this *Intent* ;
 Against *Canaries* of all Colours,
 As well their Fautors, as their Follow'rs ;
 And, Angel like, in sweetest Strain,
 He did our nat'ral Rights maintain :
 ' Shall those Exoticks then, with me,
 ' Have equal Pow'r and Liberty ?
 ' Or traverse o'er our pleasant Fields,
 ' And taste what Crop of Corn each yields ?

' Or

' Or living here in greatest Plenty,
 ' Ingross from you the Fruits God sent ye?
 ' Now with Delight I soar and sing,
 ' To chear the Husband-man in Spring;
 ' So I promote my Country's Good,
 ' In helping on our daily Food.
 ' But these *Canaries*, who can show
 ' Diverting here the weary'd Plough?
 ' Or hov'ring o'er the lab'ring Plain,
 ' For to refresh the sweaty Swain?
 ' Such lazy *Birds* will take no Pains,
 ' And yet expect our growing Gains.
 ' They'll neither graze, nor plough, nor sow,
 ' To Drudg'ry lead, nor drive, nor draw.
 ' And shall they this Advantage reap,
 ' As free-born *Larks* securely sleep,
 ' Or take still from another's Heap?
 ' You know, *Sirs*, all *Utopia's* Land
 ' Requires a cultivating Hand:
 ' And will these Foreigners be found
 ' To till your waste and barren Ground?
 ' No; from your Tillage they'll be free,
 ' And thrive in better Company;
 ' In good Mechanicks their Trades follow,
 ' And let your fruitful Fields lie fallow.
 ' By Husbandry, and such hard Fates,
 ' They do not love to get Estates:
 ' For who would purchase any Land
 ' He cannot on all Turns command?
 ' But *Money* is the safest Store,
 ' Ready as Wind to waft it o'er
 ' To dogger Banks, or *Gallick* Shore;
 ' And *Joseph* Money must provide,
 ' As Corn for his own Country's Side.

To greater Length the *Lark* had drill'd,
 But now with Noise Convention fill'd ;
 Some *Country-Birds* did so admire
 The Motion made, were set on Fire,
 To burn *Canary-Birds* Petition,
 Or sacrifice them to Derision,
 And with their Bill to walk about
 The Streets of our despising Rout,
 With Bell recanting, or a Rope
 Around their Necks through all *Utope*.
 To that Degree the Passion wrought,
 In Heat of Blood, at least I thought,
 'They would have turn'd 'em out of Doors,
 For base intruding Sons of Whores.

'The peerless *Nightingale* mov'd next,
 With melancholy Cares perplex :
 ' You know the sweeter far I sing,
 ' The more the || *Haw-thorn* does me sting, || *Holly*.
 And lifting up her languid Eyes,
 Her warbling Complaints sent to the Skies. }
 ' What ! these *Canaries* nat'ralize ?
 ' Let me for ever droop and die,
 ' If I can see the Reason why !
 ' If you should e'er invaded be
 ' By *Belgick* Force or Tyranny ;
 ' Or if the *Gallick* Stork should come,
 ' And for his Footing here find Room ;
 ' Will not these *Birds* of the same Feather,
 ' Still flock and rendezvous together ?
 ' If they on you should thus turn Tails ;
 ' And such Things Treach'ry never fails ;
 ' For is not Peoples nat'ral Temper,
 ' In all Rebellions *idem semper* ?
 ' They would the native *Birds* betray,
 ' And make 'em to the *Gauls* a Prey,

' By

' By cunning Snares, and falser Calls;
 ' Our Life then to Destruction falls.
 ' For Fowlers, when they've caught one *Bird* }
 ' Or two, their Nets are never Itirr'd;
 ' They'll easily decoy a third.
 ' Perhaps they may, upon Occasion,
 ' Help on the Hawk's design'd Invasion;
 ' Or will assist him, underhand,
 ' For to enslave this easy Land.
 ' With Caution then let's give our *Votes*,
 ' 'Gainst cutting our own Subjects Throats.

At this, an over-grown great *Puss*,
 That either preys on *Bird* or *Mouſe*,
 To whose Chaps greedy falls so pat,
Dutch Sooterkin and *English* Rat;
 A Boar one, monstrous as prevails,
 With two huge Heads, and nine long Tails;
 Peeping among the *Birds* appear'd,
 Had like the feather'd Senate scar'd.
 To spoil their Singing he resolv'd,
 Or have their Meeting quite dissolv'd;
 But spy'd streight by a *British* Cur,
 He made the Cat-a-Mountain scour;
 And so the fearless *Birds* proceed,
 To finish that Affair in Deed.

Then murm'ring, said the *Turtle-Dove*,
 That does his native Country love,
 ' How long shall I in Woods bemoan
 ' My dearest loving Mates are gone?
 ' And must I lead a widow'd Life,
 ' Or marry a *Canary*-Wife?
 ' How should I e'er in Conscience pair
 ' With such schismatick *Birds* as they're,
 ' In secular Dealing, or in Pray'r?

' How

olly.

By

' How can we rightly nat'ral those,
 ' But foolishly give up our Laws,
 ' Our Lives and Liberties endanger,
 ' At Mercy of each unknown Stranger ?
 ' For who in common Sense can think,
 ' That *Monsieur's* Jean, or *Myn Heer's* Blink,
 ' Will ever to us prove so civil,
 ' As hold the Candle to the Devil ?
 ' Unlike *Canaries* grateful be,
 ' For all our high-flown Charity ?
 ' No, sure they'll ne'er oblige us long,
 ' But sing us quite a diff'rent Song ;
 ' For neither this, nor by-past Age,
 ' E'er knew *Man* faithful out of Cage :
 ' So set 'em up, and make 'em free,
 ' They'll soon enrich themselves, you'll see ;
 ' By your own *Art* improv'ish others,
 ' And make the free-born curse their Mothers.
 ' Then thank your selves for what Disasters
 ' May happen, when you've made 'em Masters !
 ' All human Reason this decrys,
 ' The bringing up with nat'ral Ties
 ' Such *Birds* to pick out our own Eyes. }
 ' When ye have laid your *Birth-Rights* common,
 ' Of Foreigners excepted no Man ;
 ' Or sold your Trades, your Fields and Forage,
 ' Old *Eſau* like, for Mefs of Porridge ;
 ' For *Fanfaron*s or such slight Things,
 ' Trifles, as ancient Story sings ;
 ' Then those *Canaries* will o'er-run
 ' Your Country quite, and ye're undone ;
 ' From sev'ral Parts they'll interlope,
 ' Except the Devil and the Pope,
 ' To punish poor oppress'd *Utope*. }
 ' They'll grow here plenty as Cucumbers,
 ' Or Locusts in prodigious Numbers,

' Like

' Like Shoals of Herrings, or like Swarms
 ' Of Flies, foreboding fatal Harms ;
 ' So that if I should give Advice
 ' These Birds in Flocks to nat'ralize,
 ' In mournful Numbers might I coo,
 ' And thus my willing Ruin woo.

The harmless *Dove* said little more,
 But all the House was in Uproar,
 And to the Tow'r had like to've gone,
 By th' major Part of forty one.
 But being brought up to the Bar,
 Himself more plainly to declare,
 Another fierce like furious *Dracon*,
 Boldly stood up, and sav'd his Bacon.
 The list'ning Flocks now all were mute,
 To hear how charming he'd dispute
 'Gainst nat'r'ling *Birds* of bad Repute.

A lordly *Bird* of noble Fame,
 (But I've forgot his well-known Name)
 An honest Native, and no Minion,
 In lofty Notes gave his Opinion,
 Against endang'ring our Dominion,
 By making Foreigners as free
 As any nat'ral Subjects be:

' If I Leave have to give my Sentence,
 ' 'Twill bring us to a swift Repentance.
 ' Whence did these Hedge-Birds hither come,
 ' Bold to contrive *Utopia's* Doom ?
 ' If not content with their Condition,
 ' Which here they've had with long Permission,
 ' Protected kindly, and encourag'd,
 ' In all their Handy-crafts that flourish'd,
 ' Home let 'em go again in Peace,
 ' Hunger enjoy, and their dear Ease,

' Among

' Among their Vineyards, Herbs, and Roots,
 ' Themselves solace with empty Guts;
 ' With Soups beloved chuse to starve,
 ' And not here at own Pleasure carve;
 ' So take fresh Air about *Montpellier*,
 ' 'Till we *Utopians* may grow fillier;
 ' Or live here still in *Statu quo*,
 ' And serve our Country as they do,
 ' Free from the persecuting Hand,
 ' Or mortal Grasp of *Lewis Grand*,
 ' *Canaries* with his low Bells catching,
 ' In their warm Nests some Mischief hatching;
 ' Free from Insults of his Dragooning,
 ' But not above our just Lampooning,
 ' For their religious good rebelling,
 ' Or flying out a Colonelling,
 ' To save their Church from Popish Fear,
 ' And make their Christ turn Cavalier.
 ' Now let 'em take their freest Choice,
 ' And that determines my last Voice.
 ' But we're not sure such blinded *Owls*
 ' To nat'ralize usurping Tools,
 ' And look our selves like nat'ral Fools.

Others there were that held it Tack,
 And thus their Arguments did back:
 They tightly stood against the bringing
 A foreign Bill to spoil their Singing.
 ' When free-born Subjects are made Slaves
 ' To cunning *Rooks*, *Canary* Knaves;
 ' To *Camisars* our Country given,
 ' We're fit to fly away to Heaven;
 ' Or build our Hopes in kinder Skies,
 ' Than those our Nests do sacrifice.
 ' These are, we think, such dang'rous Flights
 ' Gainst all our nat'ral civil Rights,

' As will our common Trades betray
 ' To base expecting Birds of Prey.
 ' This would be making *Magna Charta*
 ' An uselefs Jest of *Magna Fart-a*.
 ' Where's *Daniel Foe*, that grand *Canary*,
 ' With's vaunted Property, to scare ye
 ' From giving now away your Goods,
 ' Your Liberties and Livelyhoods,
 ' Your daily Bread, and eke your Butter ?
 ' 'Twould make a *Briton* bold to splutter !
 ' Lately it was his dear Opinion,
 ' That Property was 'fore Dominion ;
 ' A sacred Thing no Pow'r could alter,
 ' And Kings that did, deserv'd a Halter.
 ' But now the contradictory Rover
 ' Is turn'd *Canary-Bird* all over ;
 ' And what was proper then to do,
 ' Is not in Politicks so now ;
 ' For Unity, if you'd secure,
 ' You must Community endure ;
 ' Like *Plato's* hotch-potch Common-wealth ;
 ' As Beggars live by looser Stealth.
 ' To Foreigners ye ought be civil,
 ' With native Subjects on a Level,
 ' Let 'em in Triumph o'er ye revel ;
 ' And still believe this Mystery,
 ' The more y'are bound, the more y'are free.
 ' Thus *Dan* with Shams did but deceive ye,
 ' And now like Fools in Lurch he'll leave ye.

The *City-Birds* all with one Voice,
 To hear a vast unnat'ral Noise,
 Amaz'd, began to look about 'em,
Canaries scorn'd, and sore did flout 'em ;
 ' We do not use in common Barter
 ' To part so eas'ly with our *Charter*.

‘ Our *Franchises*, we hope, are safe
 ‘ From foreign Beast, that strays as *Wais*,
 ‘ From wild Boars *French*, or *Hogben Ralph*,
 ‘ Or *Bird* intruding on our City,
 ‘ To sing his nat’ralized Ditty;
 ‘ Free from Enchroachments, they would fain,
 ‘ By Hook or Crook, with Fraud obtain.
 ‘ To see such *Aliens* thus aspire,
 ‘ Would set *Utopia* all on Fire,
 ‘ And our Great Monument raise high’r.
 ‘ If we encourage those *Canaries*,
 ‘ In our own Wrong turn Voluntaries,
 ‘ The wond’ring *Dragon* we shall wake,
 ‘ And *Hopper-Grass* on *Change* may shake.
 ‘ In Time we may repent at Leisure,
 ‘ In *Frogland* seek for hidden Treasure;
 ‘ To pull our Feathers they’ll be able,
 ‘ Or make us bare as *Bird* in Fable:
 ‘ Nor proper is this present Season
 ‘ To each discerning Son of Reason;
 ‘ Nor is it good for House or Steeple,
 ‘ Thus to disturb a wanting People.

Now there arose a mighty Bustle,
 And diff’rent Members seem’d to juggle,
 ‘Twixt Negs and Affs, or Yea’s and No’s,
 Some free-born Friends, some free-born Foes.
 Each Party their Divisions sung,
 With Noise the feather’d Senate rung;
 ‘Till some *dissenting Birds* did flutter
 With hot Debates, and made a Sputter
 For those Intruders nat’ral Freedom,
 As if it was by Fate decreed ’em;
 And all now join’d *Confederates*,
 Thus to oblige some foreign States.

The *Bullfinch* first was *Frenchify'd*,
 And on the pert *Canaries* Side;
 'Twas urg'd straightway they came from far,
 For Refuge here in Peace, not War:
 ' They're charming Creatures, each a Saint is;
 ' Dear-bought, far-fetch'd, they bring us Dainties;
 ' Best please the Lady's flaunting Air;
 ' Nought can but *French* oblige the Fair:
 ' And shall our Wives want finer Dresses,
 ' Than Country Girls, or common *Besses*?
 ' Our native *Birds* in Song are duller,
 ' And foreign Harmony is fuller,
 ' To please her Ear, and with Charms rape her,
 ' To make Sir *Tawdry Fopling* caper.
 ' Nought of our own best Clownish Make,
 ' With flutt'ring *Beaux* will ever take,
 ' Nor Ribbons, Gloves, nor Wigs of Fashion,
 ' Nor polish'd Gems t' adorn our Nation,
 ' Nor slender Shoes to dance *Courant*,
 ' Nor sweet Perfumes, nor falsest Paint,
 ' Nor yet silk Stockings, so genteel
 ' To shew the Calf above the Heel.
 ' Our own Mechanicks Work is clumsy,
 ' And tight as Drum, to Shape ne'er hums ye;
 ' To Body gives no graceful Figure,
 ' Nor makes its Majesty look bigger.
 ' Natives do nought that's a-la-mode,
 ' That charming airy looks Abroad;
 ' Nor to Perfection please the Gentry;
 ' Nor have they don't ne'er half a Centry.
 ' Our Youths so pretty, gay, and fickle;
 ' They can't, *Pegar*, their Fancies tickle;
 ' Commodores and Kickshaws t'our Vagary,
 ' Are suited best by *Birds Canary*.
 ' Besides, their Language we admire,
 ' From Court-Fop, to the Country Squire;

' And Mother-Tongue, young Sparks don't fancy
 ' So sweet, so *Belle*, so fine as *Franc-e*.
 ' How complaisant are their Addresses
 ' To Lady Great, or Lord's Caresses,
 ' Who their sad Grievances redresses ?
 ' So gay their Mein, and court'ous 'Haviour
 ' To mortal Man, as well as Saviour.
 ' On us they fawn like grateful Spaniel,
 ' And far more cringe than *de Foe Daniel*.
 ' We take 'em for the civ'lest Fellows,
 ' That e'er the Groans escap'd of Gallows ;
 ' So that in Fam'lies it is fitting
 ' We should such rare *Birds* be admitting,
 ' As free-born Subjects, to Great Houses,
 ' And recommend 'em to our 'Spouses ;
 ' To gratify their luscious Palates,
 ' To cook their Victuals, pick their Salats,
 ' Or make 'em wanton Chamber-Valets ;
 ' With nicest Drefs, and rich *Ragou*,
 ' To please their Out and Insides too ;
 ' For Butlers, Foot-men, Tutors fit
 ' To teach our nat'ral Children Wit,
 ' Or at their *Levees* how to prattle,
 ' And bold as *Gascoigns* Jargon-Rattle ;
 ' Or shew our Servants better Breeding,
 ' To let their Properties lie bleeding ;
 ' And not repine with sour Grimaces,
 ' When for the *French* they lose their Places ;
 ' Nor sing of *Liberty* Trangdillo's,
 ' But hang their silent Harps on Willows.
 ' These wiser *Birds*, in teaching School,
 ' Make little Master pretty 'st Fool --- !
 ' How learn'dly ignorant ; you'd wonder,
 ' They do with Air inspire his Under-
 ' Standing, and make him talk like Parrot
 ' *Potato* calling, or for *Carrot*.

' He can so jabber ev'ry Word,
 ' And *Latin* knows e'en for a *Turd*;
 ' But then for Manners, and his Carriage,
 ' You'd think the Boy was fit for Marriage.
 ' He dances well, or bravely fences,
 ' And *French* learns more than all Sciences.
 ' In short, do what we free-born can,
 ' They breed the finest Gentleman.
 ' What need our *Ox-Cam-Academies*?
 ' Their Boarding far a better Gem is.
 ' Now, as for Trades, they will improve 'em;
 ' Of all Mankind, ye ought to love 'em,
 ' Let them as Master Work-men live,
 ' And to their Arts Precedence give;
 ' Then to inferior Labours turn ye,
 ' Let poorer Natives but work Journey,
 ' Or to these Refugees abandon
 ' Your Shops and Tools, or Ground you stand on.

At this some *Crows* were much offended,
 Did plead to have the Bus'ness mended:
 ' Let no rash Resolution taken,
 ' Our Country-Folks with Anger waken;
 ' Nor prejudice our tender Young,
 ' Scarce fledg'd 'till out of Nests they're flung.
 ' Let's well delib'rate what we do,
 ' Posterity the *Fact* mayn't rue.

With that some *Magpies* 'gan to chatter,
 As well appriz'd of this great Matter:
 Old Story tells they love all Rangers,
 And with their Clack do welcome Strangers.
 ' Hark ye, consider, these *Canaries*
 ' Are great and good Religionaries;
 ' They ought some Sanctuary find
 ' In new *Utopia*'s gen'rous Mind.

' Can we transgress th' unstinted Limits
 ' Of Christian Love, that most Sins remits?
 ' Tho' we're by diff'rent Seas surrounded,
 ' Our Charity is not so bounded;
 ' O'er the vast Surface of the Globe,
 ' We must relieve the poor as *Job*;
 ' Receive them for sound Faith distressed,
 ' If we'd be reckon'd 'mong the Blessed.
 ' Justice we have, and so good Ground, *Sirs*,
 ' To nat'ralize these suff'ring *Monsieurs*,
 ' Banish'd from native Country flying,
 ' And hither come for Refuge crying,
 ' Because, by arbitrary Birch,
 ' They'd not be flogg'd to Popish Church.

Among the rest, a famous *Mag*
 His loudest double Tongue let wag:
 ' By swarthy Looks ye may discover
 ' These *Birds* are *Protestants* all over;
 ' So true, so harmless in Religion,
 ' As any pious free-born *Pigeon*;
 ' A spotless Tribe in holier Strain,
 ' Of Godliness they make no Gain: }
 ' True Blue (you know) will never stain.
 ' Our mottl'd Church, on just Occasion,
 ' They'll serve 'twixt high and low Damnation;
 ' So civil keep our 'stablish'd Union,
 ' Conform to this and that Communion:
 ' From such *Trim-Birds*, obliging Strangers,
 ' Our Nestlings need not fear great Dangers;
 ' The more the merrier; for our Work is,
 ' To love *Jews*, *Infidels*, and *Turkeyes*.

The *Jackdaws* yet were not o'er-aw'd,
 But for their Christian Rights still kaw'd,

On Property they mov'd their Wings,
 Which to a Point the Conscience brings:
 ' How long have we in Peace possess'd,
 ' On Pinacles of Temple blest!
 ' And will ye now disturb our Rest?
 ' Who can such Doings tolerate,
 ' Confound *Utopia's* sacred State,
 ' And mix those Hypocrites in Flocks,
 ' Dissenters with our Orthodox?
 ' Not one in ten of them's reformed,
 ' As we our Rites desire performed,
 ' But of Religion make a Trade,
 ' And *Romish* are in Masquerade.
 ' Can we such Snakes in Grass admit,
 ' And not expect our Bosoms bit?
 ' Under the fairest Flow'r in Shade,
 ' Behold a stinging Serpent laid.
 ' This would be fatal Birdlime making,
 ' For our own nat'ral Bodies taking;
 ' So rather let such false *Canaries*,
 ' Keep to their former Aviaries.

Great *Bustards* then mov'd slow and sure,
 These Heart-Burns did propose to cure;
 With *Salvo's* brave they made long Speeches,
 To stop our Mouths, and heal our Breaches:
 ' *Canaries* are industrious People,
 ' We ought not them again back repel,
 ' But make 'em all here freest *Denizens*,
 ' With our own Birth-rights juster Benifons.
 ' Th' Improvement of our Manufactures,
 ' Must needs of Law allow such Fractures;
 ' Of State there is a vast *Necessse*,
 ' To make them nat'ral Subjects bless ye
 ' With better Fashions and Fallals,
 ' Than feather'd Muffs t' adorn our Malls.
 ' They'll

' They'll make *Utopia's* Land grow richer,
 ' Or with *French* Charms to Wealth bewitch her,
 ' Already here Estates they've gotten,
 ' And here shall spend 'em 'till they're rotten :
 ' But then in best Communities,
 ' They must enjoy Immunities;
 ' For who'd among you Traders live,
 ' And not as freely take as give?
 ' When Dealing thus in common stretches
 ' To these ingenious working Wretches,
 ' The cheapest Way you'll find to Riches.

On this, the *Partridges* did spring,
 And in whole Coveys took the Wing,
 As on a setting Dog's first Sight,
 Or of some Snare's disturbing Fright.
 Since others for *French* Rakes ran riot,
 They were resolv'd to bask in Quiet ;
 Not stay to hear the fatal *Fiat* ;
 Not caught like Fools, nor made what worse is,
 To their own Ruin stalking Horses ;
 But safe from such incroaching Rants,
 Secure their old beloved Haunts.

The *Birds marine*, that came from Sea,
 To nat'ral them did soon agree;
Didappers, *Wild-Ducks*, *Curlews* swimming,
 Spake in *Canaries* Favour trimming :
 ' Our foreign Traffick they'll advance,
 ' And may in Time transport here *France* ;
 ' Encrease our Commerce to the *Indies*,
 ' And to the *South Seas*, when fair Wind is,
 ' Or when th' unnat'ral Devil blind is.

Kingsfishers, *Gulls*, and *Cormorants*,
 Their Voices gave in ruder Cants ;

Devouring

Devouring look'd, as if they'd swallow
 Each native *Bird* that did not allow
 Their favourite *Canaries* made,
 With Cits of equal Leave for Trade.

From Ships now all the feather'd Crew,
 Together for their Merchants flew.
 The *Halcyon* sung of happy Days,
 And tun'd with calm serener Lays,
 Eccho'd the grand *Canaries* Praise:
 But hardest Rocks did still resound,
 As if in Truth 'twas hollow Ground.

Some *Inland-Birds*, fresh Water Fowl,
 To hear such Notes, were griev'd at Soul;
 But found it was in vain to strive
 Against the rapid Stream did drive.
 The *Chaffinch* tir'd, with easy *Chough*,
 Did but protest, and so went off,
 Perceiving 'twas a foreign Wile
 Might overstock or 'slave this Isle.

Then *Redstarts* of the Field of *Mars*,
 Lately arriv'd from prosp'rous Wars,
 With Talons long, or Beaks or Claws,
 Ready to fight for good new Cause,
 Stood up for those *Canary-Birds*,
 In their Defence almost drew Swords:
 ' We must our just Alliance strengthen,
 ' This tedious War while longer lengthen,
 ' Before with Honour we procure
 ' A lasting Peace, that will endure,
 ' And *Gallick Hawk* bring to our Lure.
 ' Now, these *Canaries* here no Harm is,
 ' They'll breed and still recruit our Armies.

D

' Besides,

' Besides, by granting this Priv'lege,
 ' We shall some mighty States oblige,
 ' And gratify Great Potentates,
 ' To help with Conquest on our Fates:
 ' We shall no doubt, by doing thus,
 ' A Pleasure do to Royal *Pruss*,
 ' Or make a Friend of pow'rful *Russ*:
 ' Nor Soldiers want, nor stout Commanders,
 ' That will victorious make's in *Flanders*,
 ' Or force th' aspiring *Vulture* truckle,
 ' And to our peaceful Temper buckle.
 ' When *Sax*, *Dane*, *Dutch Birds*, all come o'er,
 ' We shall *Canaries* have good Store.

A *Wagtail* dabbling near to Pump,
 Seem'd for 'em too by bluish Rump;
 And as he duck'd his Head, did flatter
 Their Friends at Court 'twixt Wind and Water;
 So wav'ring thus, for ought was free,
 But that of regal Tyranny.

Now busy grumbling *Toms* did cutter,
 And of their Country's Hardship mutter;
Blackbirds divine, and stately *Thrushes*,
 Softly complain'd in secret Bushes;
 The chetty *Wrens* too, and the *Rails*,
 Did thoughtful bite their itching Nails:
 But greatly over-pow'r'd with Numbers,
 Flew off to roost in careless Slumbers;
 The boist'rous Tempest blew so strong,
 They could not sing a calmer Song

The *Solan Geese* stood gabbling by,
 But never ask'd the Reason why
 'They'd nat'ralize such foreign Scum,
 Such Fug'tives of exotick Plume?

When

When we shew better *Birds* than *these*,
 On all our shady vocal *Trees*,
 And ev'ry Wood or Hedge affords
 Natives compar'd to them as *Lords*:
 But they admire *Cain's* wand'ring Seed,
 Of Cousin *Germans* love the Breed;
 Or like our Taverns now call'd *Rummers*,
 New Faces court, and prize new *Comers*.
 In fine, it went for those *Canaries*,
 As Time and Fortune most Men varies;
 For not oppos'd by one in twenty,
 It pass'd like *Nemine no dicente*.

Then down the touring *Eagle* came,
 That did an awful Silence claim;
 A *Bird* of Majesty so lofty,
 By Looks ye'd think *Inferiors* scost ye;
 With healing Wings of *Royal* Favour,
 And good beyond a Thought; Peace save her!
 Gracious in Love herself she prided,
 And past Disputes at once decided.
 Ye need not fear a lasting Fever,
Canaries here can't live for ever:
 By Pow'r reserv'd we may repeal,
 For Benefit of common-weal,
 Or stop a farther Inundation
 Of *Foreigners* to drown this *Nation*;
 To damn us up, or make us no Land,
 Like wat'ry *Quagmire* now call'd *Holland*;
 Not sink our Fortunes in the Flood
 Of *French* to come, who'll ne'er be good.
 Behold! your noble Patriots
 Have for it given their wise Votes!
 And since so far th' *Affair's* transacted,
 It must by Law be now enacted.

' Besides, ye know 'twill scare fierce *Kites*,
 ' Keep off invading *Perkinites*;
 ' 'Twill make as Pirates bold *Dunkirkers*,
 ' Not dare to peep from Port, like *Lurkers*.
 ' On such Emergencies of *State*,
 ' Prerogative and Sceptre wait,
 ' To write *Utopia* safe, good, great.

Canary-Birds thus won the Day,
 Were nat'ral'd here by absolute Sway;
 As soon as Cages were set ope,
 Of Liberty they took vast Scope;
 Wild, rampant, and imperious grew,
 With Pow'r through this wrong'd Island flew;
 Like *Hectors*, with insulting Humph,
 O'er poor *Utopians* did triumph;
 Of native *Birds* such Havock made,
 They did depreciate all their Trade;
 And on our *Chaff* or chous'd *Goldfinches*,
 To Ells incroach'd from granted Inches.
 They throve by under-hand sly Tricks,
 And play'd the Devil on two Sticks;
 In Handy-crafts they did excel,
 Not for their Work, but cheating well;
 Taking our Houses o'er our Heads,
 The free-born turning out of Beds;
 At easy Rates their Pockets filling,
 For small Expence of one poor Shilling;
 Dubbing the native Cockscombs right,
 As Bankrupt's 'Squire, or Errant's Knight:
 And thus Sir *John* may soon go fight-a,
 Or for his Birth-right chuse to sh-t-t-a.
 Like Frogs, or Flies, or Lice, and so forth,
 They did in direful Numbers go forth;
 Not as good *Quails* in Mercy given,
 Nor *Manna* sent from gracious Heaven,

The

The hungry *Israelites* to feed,
 Or help our Country-mens great Need;
 But rather make us feel more Smart,
 Starve on by *Pharaoh's* harden'd Heart;
 For those *Canaries* not contented,
 The Natives farther circumvented;
 This *Isle* o'er-spreading by Command,
 They much as *Ægypt* plagu'd the Land.

Now our *Utopia*, without Fable,
 Was grown so very charitable,
Canaries Palatine did flock,
 With Nests and all, t' encrease our Stock;
 Hither three thousand came, and more
 Distressed still are coming o'er;
 Reform'd *Birds* of all Sorts and Sizes,
 Who famous *John* or *Martin* prizes;
 Tho' each not half so learn'dly wise is.
 Gainst Pow'r of Tyrant-*Hawk* protesting,
 Their Peace and Quiet still molesting;
 Thus persecuted hither come,
 For Shelter from their Popish Doom.
 These *Palatines* so being cunning,
 For fear of *French* them over-running,
 (As we good Christian *Birds* do stile 'um)
 Made kind *Utopia* their *Asylum*.

At this, a quaking *Bird* o' th' Feather
 Native, was highly nettl'd whether
 We'd nat'ral such vast Flocks together;
 Or how we'd of 'em so dispose,
 As not to make intestine Woes;
 But on the Wing his ruff'd Pen
 Was quickly set to Rights again,
 And by advancing his Dominion,
 Made the best Feather in his 'Pinion.

The

For

For presently the higher Pow'rs
 Prevail'd, by plying the next Oars;
 To stop his Mouth they found a Way,
 And sent 'em to *'Sylvania*,
 Subjects as nat'ral as live there:
 But still the Natives quak'd for Fear.

Well! quo' the lesser free-born *Birds*
 Through all *Utopia's* Flocks or Herds;
 ' Let these good pious *Palat'nates*,
 ' And all such strange we know-not-whats,
 ' In their wise interloping Freak,
 ' Go to the Devil's Arse a-Peak;
 ' Or to Plantations farther hasten,
 ' Not here their Standards fix nor fasten.
 ' We've Poor enough among our selves;
 ' Need no incroaching foreign Elves,
 ' Nor such Contrivers for Stock-jobbing,
 ' T' enhance the Mis'ries of poor *Robin*.
 ' Must we *Canaries* all bid welcome,
 ' That hither do from *France* or Hell come?
 ' If this *Utopia's* kind Intend is,
 ' Of those Intruders there no End is.



F I N I S.

